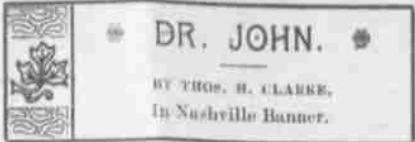


Sequachee Valley News.

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DR. JOHN.

BY THOS. H. CLARKE,
In Nashville Banner.

Years ago, long before Monteagle became famous as a summer resort, there came to Sewanee a young married couple from New Orleans. The gentleman was a member of one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic families of Louisiana—a family that had made a name for itself both in the halls of legislation and on the battlefield. He had just completed his medical education in Germany, and was looked upon as one of the most promising physicians in the South. His wife was the only child of a sugar planter. French blood coursed through her veins, and she, too, had been educated abroad, and all that riches and proud lineage could give had been showered upon her. She represented the truest type of Southern beauty. She possessed a figure that was perfect in its grace and symmetry, and from it a sculptor could have fashioned a Venus. Her hair was long and thick and as black as jet, and her complexion was of that rich rare type that can be found nowhere save under Southern skies.

The two had been sweethearts since childhood, and when the wedding day came there were none to say them nay. It was a true lovers' marriage, their friends all said, and no happier couple ever started forth on a honeymoon than they. They had seen pretty much all that was worth seeing, both in the old world and in the new. They wanted to be to themselves during the first weeks of their wedded life—they wanted to be away from the bustling crowds of fashionable resorts—and sought the mountains of Tennessee.

They remained a few days at Sewanee and then went further up on the mountain near where Monteagle is now located. Down in a picturesque little cove they discovered a mountaineer's cabin. The house was built of logs and its occupants were ignorant, kindly people. The place had a quiet, peaceful, home-like appearance. The young doctor—Dr. John, we will call him, opened negotiations with the mountaineer, with the result that he and his pretty young wife were soon domiciled in the little

cabin in the cove. Life there for the young people was one of perfect happiness. Each loved the mountains and the valleys, and each loved nature and on the mountain top they enjoyed it in all its moods.

One morning, just when summer was changing into fall, and all nature was clothed in crimson and gold, Dr. John and his wife started for a walk a mile away to a point where a splendid view of the valley could be had. Arriving at the spot, they were enjoying the grandeur of the mountain peaks beyond the valley, when the young wife's attention was attracted to a cluster of autumn leaves hanging over the precipice. She reached forth her hand to gather it. A treacherous stone slipped beneath her feet and she fell headlong a hundred feet to the cruel stones below.

When Dr. John reached her side he found her crushed and bleeding and—dying! She only lived a few minutes, but in that time she told again the story of her love for her handsome young husband, and with her lips to his her pure young soul went into the Great Beyond.

Dr. John was a changed man after that fateful day. His ambition to be a great physician—his very life—was crushed. He would never go back to New Orleans, but would make his home in the mountains far from the haunts of men. Just at the foot of the precipice where his wife met her death he dug a little grave, and in it he placed the body of the woman he loved as few men love. Not far away he built a cabin, and there he is spending his life, away from the world, and ever near Lucile. True, Dr. John lives alone with his books and guns and dogs, yet he is not a hermit. Many a stranger finds his way to the little cabin, and he always receives a kindly welcome from the dignified old gentleman whose hair has grown as white as snow.

The humble mountain people idolize Dr. John. They know that the summer sun never shines too hot nor does the winter snow get too deep to prevent the good doctor from coming to their homes when death hovers near. He has smoothed the path way of many a dying mountaineer whose life had not been just what it should. He has never asked

for pay for his services. He never expects any, and would not take it were it offered.

Only twice a year does Dr. John leave his mountain home, and on these occasions he goes either to Cowan or Decatur, where he purchases household supplies, books and ammunition. Never a day passes—winter or summer—but he goes to the little grave at the foot of the precipice. He goes there just at sundown, and there he remains for an hour, his white head bowed above the little mound. Every day he places some wildwood remembrance on the grave—in summer a bunch of mountain flowers; in winter a bit of hardy vine.

Dr. John is an accomplished violinist, and travelers down the mountain side often stop, held spellbound by the marvelous melody that floats from the little cabin. The Doctor has brought the sounds of the mountain and valley into a beautiful melody. He has woven into the strings of his violin the gentle sighing of the south wind in the tree tops, and then again his instrument describes a storm on the mountain top—the shriek and howl of the wind, the crashing of giant trees and the rush down the mountain side of huge boulders torn from their fastenings by the fury of the elements. Then the Doctor's mood changes, and the bark of a fox, the hiss of a snake, the growl of a catamount, the plaintive call of a night bird or the chirp of a cricket can be heard.

Should you pass the cabin of Dr. John late at night and hear the strains of an old love song, you will know that the thoughts of the old man are with Lucile, who sleeps in the little grave at the foot of the precipice—and that he must not be disturbed.

Disastrous Wrecks.

Carelessness is responsible for many a railroad wreck and the same causes are making human wrecks of sufferers from Throat and Lung troubles. But since the advent of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, even the worst cases can be cured, and hopeless resignation is no longer necessary. Mrs. Louis Cragg of Dorchester, Mass., is one of the many whose life was saved by Dr. King's New Discovery. This great remedy is guaranteed for all Throat and Lung diseases by Whitwell Drug Co. Price 50c, and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

TENNESSEE NEWS.

There is not a vacant house in Clinton.

Isham Strunk was killed in a general fight near Huntsville.

A Woodman of the World lodge was instituted at Greenback.

Lindsay Redmon of Joliet, Ill., died at Dayton while visiting there.

Jefferson City is discussing electric lights.

The retail clerks are organizing a union.

The Memphis carnival receipts will be given to the orphanages.

R. P. Lewis had both eyes knocked out in a saw mill accident at Dover.

Mrs. C. B. Bryan, of Memphis, is the new president of the state D. A. R.

Ex-Congressman C. E. Snodgrass will again seek election in the Fourth district.

Steps are being taken at Centerville to organize the Centerville Bank and Trust company.

Hail as large as birds eggs fell during a storm at Lynchburg. Some of them were so large that they descended chimneys and rolled out into rooms.

Forty-nine new coke ovens are to be erected at Follette by the La-Follette Coal, Iron and Railroad Co., thus making a total of 205. They will be completed at once.

The amendment to the charter of the McMinnville, Nashville and Woodbury Railroad company whereby the capital stock of that company was increased from \$10,000 to \$1,000,000 has been granted by the secretary of the state.

Another Curiosity in Corn.

Chas. Byrd has left on exhibition at this office another curiosity in corn from the company's fields. The first as our readers will remember, was a corn stalk brought us by J. W. Roberson with seven distinct ears of corn on it. This new prodigy is a shuck containing sixteen distinct ears, or rather seventeen since one was broken off in opening the shuck. The centre ear is quite large, while the others in different sizes or shapes are pendant around it, some ears hanging one from the other by a slight stem. The corn is of good quality and most of the ears are filled with kernels of good size. Wonder what next will be brought from the company's fields.

JUST WHAT YOU NEED.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets.

When you feel dull after eating.
When you have no appetite.
When you have a bad taste in the mouth.
When your liver is torpid.
When your bowels are constipated.
When you have a headache.
When you feel bilious.
They will improve your appetite, cleanse and invigorate your stomach and regulate your liver and bowels. Price 25 cents per box.
For sale by Coldwell & Chaudoin; and Whitwell Drug Co., Whitwell.

Buried Here.

The interment of Catharine, the 6-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cook, of South Pittsburg, who died in that city Saturday, took place at Owen Cemetery Sunday afternoon in the family burial lot. A large number of friends and relatives from South Pittsburg and Jasper were present. Her death was caused by a complication of measles and fever.

Thanksgiving Services.

Thanksgiving services will be held at the M. E. Church, south, to-night, exercises beginning at 7 o'clock. Rev. J. A. Ellison, of Jasper, will deliver the Thanksgiving sermon. Appropriate music will be rendered by the choir.

THANS.

Special to the News.

If you will please give me space in your worthy paper I will try to give you the news from Thans this week again.

We have been having some winter this week. This cold spell caused N. Deakins to knock some hogs in the head, so we have some fresh meat to eat just now. It don't go very bad with plenty of sweet potatoes to eat with it.

Mrs. Tenney Smith landed back home last Monday night safe from Texas and Oklahoma after a two months' visit to friends out there.

There has been a drummer here every day this week, Smart from Chattanooga, and Coldwell and several others, after orders for their stores. Than made orders with all of them.

A son of William Thurman is very ill at this time with fever, and is very low.

I am very sorry to pen the death of James L. Hixson, of Bledsoe, who died Sunday of last week of heart trouble. He was at Dunlap Saturday and went back home and died. He was one of my old neighbors in Bledsoe county. He leaves a wife alone, no one with her and our sympathy goes out to her in her affliction.

Lewis Lakey and his kind wife paid us a pleasant visit Sunday which we greatly enjoyed.

There will be a Christmas tree up at High View in Bledsoe county, near my old home. Lester Swafford's school will close at that place Christmas Eve. M. E. G.

Will Not Take Passengers.

Orders have been issued by the N. C. & St. L. Ry prohibiting sale of tickets for the special freight just put on, and consequently the people of the valley are debarred from what promised to be a great public convenience. It would seem that the railroad company had a prejudice against hauling passengers to the north of stations on this branch and consequently their traffic suffers.

NOTICE.

I will be at Sequachee on Friday of each week, and can be found at Hotel Marion. Those desiring first-class dental work, should wait for me. N. B. MOORE, D. D. S.

Read Our
Testimonials.

A MINERAL SPRING IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Read Our
Guarantee.

WHAT WE WILL DO!

WE will send to any address, a full-sized Three Ounce Packet of Lindsay's Medicated MINERAL ROCK, by mail, postpaid, sufficient for one month's treatment, on the receipt of twenty-five (25) cents, (in silver) and if the receiver cannot truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used, the money paid us for same will be refunded at once. Read this over again carefully, and understand that if Lindsay's Medicated Mineral Rock does not benefit you, as above said, you have only to notify us to that effect and your money is refunded you at once. This mineral rock is a natural hard, adamant, rock-like substance—mineral—mined from the ground like gold or silver in the neighborhood of a once powerful, but now extinct, Mineral Spring, compared to which the springs of the present day are but pygmies, whose waters, impregnated with the healing and medicinal qualities of the rock found at its base, no doubt, spouted for centuries before the foot of man trod its country. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from.

WHAT IT CURES.

It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration, Eczema, Old Sores, Ring Worms, Piles, Pimples and General Debility, as thousands testify, and no one, trying it, will deny LINDSEY'S MEDICATED MINERAL ROCK has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicines, or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure. This Rock Water will do the same for you as it has done hundreds of others, if you will give it a trial. We want no one's money whom Lindsay's Medicated Mineral Rock cannot benefit. You are to be the judge. Can anything be more fair? Send for a package today.

WORDS OF PRAISE.

"It helped me; it is a good remedy," says Alf Johnson, South Pittsburg, Tenn.

"For twelve months," says S. C. Woodfin, South Pittsburg, Tenn., "I was confined to my room with diarrhoea and stomach trouble, and was not allowed to eat strong diet. I tried everything recommended to me by both doctors and friends still I got no relief and not until I was advised to use Lindsay's Medicated Mineral Rock Water, the glorious remedy. My digestive organs are now good and I highly recommend it to all."

AGENTS ARE WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Address all orders to

JOHN'S MT. MINERAL ROCK WATER CO.,

SOUTH PITTSBURG,

TENN.